

THE MOCK-ELOGIE ON THE FUNERAL OF Mr. Caryl;

Gloriously solemnized, February 25th. 1673. by an unparallel'd Concourse and Attendance of all Sorts and Sects of People.

Bless me! what's here? a motley-throng;
Presbyters, Sectarists among;
Quakers, with Kiffin and J. O.
Ranters, with Praise-god Bare-bones too.
Here's a new *Annus Mirabilis*,
A Miracle *This* Rabble is;
Hanging on one string together,
And *All to Church* now coming hither:
A Reformation, sudden as strange:
What is't has made this happy change?
Flocking to *Church* now, One and All?
Oh! 'tis *old Caryl's* Funeral.
Quakers once call'd him *Antichrist*,
And *Presbyterian*-limb o'th' *Beast*.
All sects, but one, us'd to despise him,
And would not, whilst he liv'd, come nigh him.
Caryl has made *Church-converts* more,
Being dead, than ere he did before.
All these sects are one *Heteroclite*,
That worship God chiefly for spite:
To *Church* they'll not refuse to go,
So they may thence their malice show;
And boast the numbers of their Party,
And that the *Old Cause* still is hearty.
These *Pharisees*, for th' esteem of men,
Pray, Bury, Preach; *All to be seen*.
All th' *modern Orthodox* together;
Wild with his *Gout* too could hop thither
To get new Cloak, for writing Verse,
Pin'd, like a *Coat of Arms*, to th' *Herse*:
Like to those snivelling *Elogies*
He made upon the Rebels, *Twisse*,
Palmer next, *Burroughes*, *Hill*, *Gonge*, *White*,
With *Whitaker*, who (*Wild* says) did fight
As far as *York*, with *Cavaleers*,
And *Routed* them, with Prayers and tears.
Well fought *Don Quixot*: else *Wild* lyes:
(I had it truly 'mongst his stories;)
Where, in *Blasphemous Elogies*,
He praises Rebels to the skies,
And *Milton's* hackney-Pen out-vies,
On their *Urnes* offering sacrifice.
Wild, like the *Pope*, erects an *Altar*
For *Traitors* that deserv'd an *Halter*.
The *Pope* *Saints Loyola*: *Wild* *Saints Knox*,
With the rebellious *Orthodox*,
Perne, *Marshal*, *Robinson* and *Strong*,
Peters, *Caryl*, the rest among.
The *Assembly* now are every one
Call'd to their last account and gone.
Caryl bringing the *Rear* up, thus
Lieutenant to *Smectymnus*.
Where art thou *Iter Boreale*?
Whilst we thus weep, come, tell what ayle we:
Thou! that, when *Hugh Peter's* dy'd,
With dirty Rhimes him deifi'd;
Placing him, in the skies, next *Star*
To th' General of our *Holy-war*

Essex: Oh *Essex*! says this Poet,
Begging o'th' *Parliament* a Vote,
That All, as *Malignants*, should be try'd,
Who smil'd that year that *Essex* dy'd.
Wild shall *Saint* both *Bawd* and *Whore*;
If *Baber* give him ten crowns more.
For half-ten crowns, he shall in Rhime,
God and his own Father *BlaspHEME*;
And *King*, *Church*, *Parliament* abuse,
For twelve-pence with his *Ballad-Muse*:
And make a whining *Elogie*
On *Father Gray-beard*, *Gregorie*.
He, a dead wench, a star did make
For one crown, and her Father's sake;
Saying, if th' wench had been a *whore*,
It should have cost him as much more.
Wild had good *Glebe*, but did fore-go it,
To be a *Bartlemew Babe* (and Poet.)
Therefore unfit for the *Priest's* office,
From which *St. Paul* rejects the *Novice*.
Wild's *Cassock's* turn'd, (to tell you true,)
To *Frocks* cut out o'th' *Aprons* blue:
A *Linsy-woolsey* *Clergy-man*,
A *Holder-forth* like *Julian*:
A *Holy-cheat* in meeter, Thus
Asinum scalpat Asinus.
Have you not seen a *Mountebank's* fool sometimes
Duck-quoy men in, with *Trumpet* and with *Rhimes*?
Jack-pudden Wild for Customers thus stickles,
He's *Merry-Andrew* to the *Conventicles*.

London! by *Plagues*, learn to be wise:
These Rebels have enflam'd thee twice:
With Tumults these did thee enflame,
To punish which the fire came;
God took the *Rod* and laid it on
For unrepented sedition.
Lay not the blame on this, or that;
On *Papists*, and I know not what:
Blame thy still-repeated-sin,
Faction that lyes yet within.
Look this day on this factious Crew,
They All are of a Different hue:
Their Features have a several Grace,
Yet now they seem to have one face.
What brings to *Church* All these sects now?
Right *Hypocrites*! All's for a show.
How came all sects thus to combine?
Oh! I can tell you, 'tis designe
Which makes them All agree in one,
In what d'ye think? in *Sedition*.
Sure *Hell's* broke loose, for here we have
Strange Ghosts now walking to the *Grave*:
Heavens keep us from this *Stygian Race*!
Are these the fruits of *Acts* of Grace?